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THACKERAY.—TROLLOPE.

HARPER'S
NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

No. CXVII.] CONTENTS. [FEBRUARY.

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ILLUSTRATIONS.—Home or Promenade Dress.—Closed Sleeve.—Fichu.—Under-Sleeve.—Collar.—Dress Cap.

The Publishers of HARPER'S MAGAZINE have the pleasure to announce that they have made arrangements with the Author, by which they are to receive Monthly Parts of THACKERAY'S New Novel, "*Lovel the Widower*," in advance of its publication in England. The First Part appears in the present Number of the Magazine. The Tale will comprise about Eight Parts, one of which, with the original illustrations, will be published in each successive Number.

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STERNUTOGRAPHICS,

A POIB,

WITH CATARRHAL ACCOMPANIMENTS.

I knew you'd be uddeasy, dear,
But, uppud by sode, I swear I could dot cub.
These ageeds should codvidse you I'be sidcere;
So calb your jealous fears; I've dot bid dear
Eliza Tibs, dor ady other girl sidse last we med;
But id by roob, ad id by bed—
A-tchee!
I've cursed this code, and log'd for thee.

You do, by dear, how bad the weather's bid,
First sto, thed raid, thed sto agaid we've had;
So hard id early born it froze, that boys have slid
Alog the walks, udtil 'twas difficult to stad;
Ad whed the sud had gaid his doodtide power,
Ad with the sald ad his warm rays dissolved the sto',
Still, spite of slush and sald I'd go
A-tchay!
Ad by thy side beguile the day.

I could dot write how bad I'd beed;
Coltillial tears that dibbed by eyes rolled down by cheeg,
I could dot dab them, by tears, I mean,
Nor could I digdade, as I could dot speeg.
Id short, by dearest, could those bright eyes have seen
My plight, ad had'st thou knode 'twas for thy sake I caught this code,
Thou'd'st near have thought me false, dor showed—*A-tchoo!*
Thou could'st e'er believe me aught but true.

Excuse by sneezid; it must be a bore,
To hear such paroxisubs oft rebeated;
I cud dot helb it; I wish I cud; I'be sure
I've taked drugs enough; but leds be seated;
Ad you bust talg, by dear, for I cad say do bore—
Indeed, I'de better go: oh, heav'ds! I'be goid to sneedge agaid—
A-tchoo!
By haggerchiefs are all used up—all five; adieu.
Farewell, till I fare bedder; oh, dear! by dose
Is albost off, frob hard ad frequed blows!

Perpetual Motion.

The "point of order" in the House.

THE PUFF ELECTRICAL.

The wiseacres of the telegraph, after long practice on the trembling wires, have undertaken musical criticism. Thus the accomplished Boston operator, on the night of the seventeenth of January informed the New-York journals that Adelina Patti was at that moment, in *The Barber of Seville*, "electrifying" the Bostonians—a despatch aromatic of the shop. This is a good idea—but who pays?—the press, or the impresario? We would suggest the establishment of a regular operatic line between the two cities, when news like the following may be transmitted to an anxious public, during the fascinating Adelina's next Boston campaign:

Boston, *Monday* 8 *o'clock p. m.* The lovely Adelina has just come on as *Amina* in *La Sonambula*. At her utterance of *Care compagne, e voi*, the editor of our *Journal of Music*, burst into tears. He said he could not bear the thrilling tenderness of her *portamento*.

8*h.* 30*m.*—The youthful Adelina has given the Duetto *Del di che i nostri cori*. The encore was tempestuous. The editor of our *Musical Journal* said to his nearest friends: "*Mon Dieu!* what *scherzando!* what *con tenereza!* what *con brio!*"

8*h.* 45*m.*—Rodolfo has just entered with two postillions, whose jack-boots are admitted to be much finer than those worn at the New-York Academy.

9*h.* 10*m.*—The *Son mio bene* was exquisite. Upon the words *perche Conda te da*, the fascinating Adelina executed a run in hemidemisemiquavers, including three hundred and twenty-eight broken octaves, in *brioso* style.

9*h.* 30*m.*—The First Act is over. The triumph of the bewitching Adelina is complete. When she fell into the arms of Teresa, young Spoon, of Beacon-street, was seen to leave the Theatre, *con agitazione*.

10*h.* 10*m.*—Spoon has returned with two baskets of flowers and his grandmother's best brooch.

10*h.* 35*m.*—The slumbering *Amina* has just taken her perilous walk. The chorus gave the "Ah!" magnificently. The excitement was intense.

10*h.* 45*m.*—The exquisite Adelina has finished *Ah! non giunge* in an unsurpassed *legierissimo* style. Spoon completely emptied his flower-baskets. When he threw the brooch, as it fell heavily on the stage, he was mistaken for an assassin and led away by a policeman. His cries of *Viva Amina!* were affecting in the extreme. *Buena notte!*

A TUPPER FOR THE B'HOYS,

A writer in one of the Sunday papers of this city prepares, weekly, for the regalement of his readers, a column of facetious and aphoristic wisdom seldom equalled and never excelled. Not to have seen it, argues an ignorance of some of the finest performances in the whole catalogue of our newspaper literature. Though his facetious efforts challenge admiration, yet it is in the aphorism line that this Sabbath-day scribe most luminously shines. His oracular gems are set in the choicest of metropolitan slang. If the reader has a fancy for commonplaces in the rowdy dialect, he may take his choice from among the following:—

"Throw a brick-bat at your enemy, and ten chances to one he will dodge it; but throw a bit of slander at him, and he can no more avoid being injured by it, than he can evade dying when his time comes."

"A man with a mind, however small its calibre may be, cannot be neutral in politics. He must think, and the least one of his thoughts will inevitably lead him to favor one party or the other. It comes to this as naturally as a jackass does to a peck of oats. I wouldn't give the snap of a rusty musket-lock for a cart-load of these fellows who call themselves neutrals. They are either great hypocrites or arrant fools. There is no more independence in them than there is in a knock-kneed cripple with a broken crutch. That's so."

We wont undertake to say how many of these "chunks of wisdom" we could accomplish per hour, but we have tried our hand at it, and produced one or two, which we think are quite equal, in point of lucidity and logical construction, to those of our illustrious model:—

"Put a hippopotamus in your neighbor's soup-plate, and he may not discover it; but call him a Foofoo, and his gastric juice will be impaired forever."

"There is a class of men who go through the world and abase themselves before everything that is in power. They are cringing hounds. I would not give the scrapings of a grease-pan for them. But "such is life." How preferable is the condition of him who, in his intercourse with his fellows, speaks gently to the erring. If you do this, reader, Bully for you!"

Favorite Ejaculations of Philadelphians.

Ho's(e)!

Theatrical Prescription.

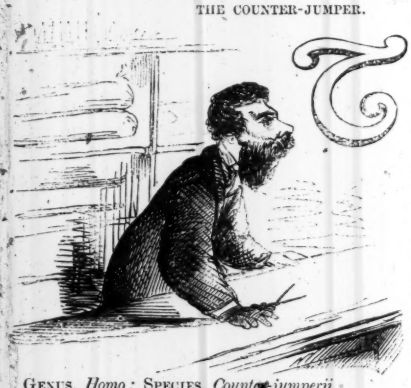
Change of Scene.

CONSOLING.

BIDDY.—There, ma'am; if I *am* going to leave yez, yez needn't take on so. If yez git up early in the mornin', an' set the table for breakfast, an' make the fire in the dining-room, an' sweep the stairs ov a Friday, you may get another gur-r-l as good as meself as will consent to come an' live wid yez.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE COUNTER-JUMPER.



THROUGH the kindness of that eminent naturalist and profound philosopher, Herr Potstausend, we are enabled to lay before our readers the following veracious account of a curious animal. It will be found to possess much interest to all scientific persons, and especially, perhaps, to the fairer sex:

GENUS, *Homo:* SPECIES, *Counter-jumperii.*

This truly singular and beautiful animal exists throughout the civilized world, but is only found in perfection in large cities. Its favorite haunts in this region are about the middle of the metropolis—in Broadway, Grand and Canal-streets, the Bowery, and vicinity. It is generally about the size of the human species, and bears a resemblance to man, as well as to the ape tribe, with which it is often classified, I think erroneously. So far as my studies go, I consider the COUNTER-JUMPER no more an ape than a man; but belonging to a distinct tribe, somewhere between the two.

In external appearance, this is one of the prettiest subjects of the Animal Kingdom. Its hair, which grows luxuriantly upon its head and face, is long, glossy, often curled gracefully, and of different colors in different individuals. Its eyes are rather small, but have a beautiful languishing expression. Its skin is exceedingly white, soft, and fine in texture, particularly upon its paws, or hands, to which it takes the most scrupulous care, as it also does of its hair and teeth. Indeed, its principal characteristic is an excessive neatness and love of personal adornment—a trait which places it considerably above the ape.

A great peculiarity with the COUNTER-JUMPER, and one which it would be almost impossible to believe, were it not firmly established as a fact, is its total want of sex. It is neither male nor female, though its manners are more feminine than masculine, for which reason, probably, it is a much greater favorite with the ladies than with us. [Can the learned Professor intend a bit of sly sarcasm, here? Eds. VANITY FAIR.] Another curious peculiarity of this animal is, that it is endowed with neither heart nor brain, those organs having, apparently, no function to perform in its economy.

When properly trained, the COUNTER-JUMPER goes through with various entertaining evolutions and tricks. It manœuvres with a yard-stick and a pair of scissors, in a wonderfully dexterous way, chattering, rolling its eyes, showing its teeth, and evincing much delight. Its chief pleasure lies in tumbling silks, velvets, laces, etc., about, and in attending to its paws—two amusements which certainly do not exhibit much sagacity, but after all, I do not hesitate to pronounce it quite as intelligent an animal as the ourang-outang.

When irritated, it becomes pale, chatters sharply, trembles, trots back and forth nervously, and sometimes cries like a child. It is easily pacified, however, and has never, except in a few rare instances, been known to offer violence to those who annoyed it, although it threatens to kick and strike its enemies, on the slightest provocation.

The dens of the COUNTER-JUMPER exist in great numbers on the East side of the city. They are mostly situated on the attic floors of cheap boarding-houses, and for so neat an animal, are singularly ill-conditioned, being often dirty, close, and unwholesome. This is comparatively unimportant, however, as it only seeks its den for sleeping purposes, retiring late at night and crawling out early in the morning.

Many of the handsomest specimens become quite intolerable on the least encouragement, and it is to be regretted that they are frequently petted by inconsiderate ladies. The COUNTER-JUMPER, thus spoiled, changes from a harmless, pretty, and agreeable creature, to an insufferable, chattering, noisy nuisance; and goes strutting about, with airs of alternate self-admiration and contempt for others of its kind. The punishment for such cases is termed "snubbing," and it rarely fails to bring the animal to a properly crest-fallen appreciation of its absurd position.

Much has been said about the usefulness of the COUNTER-JUMPER, as a domestic animal, but I know of nothing that it does, which might not be much better performed by human beings—say young women, for instance. As ornamental objects, it is true, they are well enough, though I prefer poodle dogs generally. In fact, now that the subject has become a topic for investigation, I fancy that the whole race will soon pass from the face of the earth, and the children of Science, some centuries hence, will consider a fossil COUNTER-JUMPER as the most interesting relic of past ages that can adorn their cabinets.

THE NOBLE ART OF FLINGING FILTH.

As soon as the necessary arrangements can be perfected, a spirited exhibition of mud-tossing will be given by those eminent champions of scavengery, Scotch Jimmy and the Virginia Tricks. The success of their last encounter was so great as to occasion a universal demand for its repetition; and as neither of the combatants was ever known to shrink from such a call, a speedy response is expected. The parties may be considered as, upon the whole, tolerably well matched. The Virginia Tricks has youth and vigor on his side, and possesses the very essential capacities of selecting the most offensive mud, and of knowing precisely where to direct his shots to greatest effect. He has sometimes been accused of planting foul blows, but his friends say that in these matters it is not best to be too nice. On the other hand, Scotch Jimmy has great power of endurance, and from long experience, is equal to probably a greater amount of punishment in this way than any man alive. He is also distinguished for rare fertility of invention, and a knack of discovering fresh devices of offense on each new occasion. His tact in overpowering his antagonist by endless repetitions of a peculiar attack has been often remarked. Both parties understand perfectly the established proprieties of the contest, the first law of which is that the earliest applications of filth are to be directed to the mouth and to the heart, in order that the one may be defiled and the other blackened at the very outset. And neither it is confidently asserted, will be restrained by the only considerations which ever impede the practical development of this order of art,—Manliness, Decency, Dignity, Truth and Honor.

Query.

Are Pebble Spectacles good for Stone Blind people?

Napoleon's Pamphlet.

Man's Essay on Pope.

ECONOMICAL STARVATION.

MONSIEUR Anselmier is a Philosopher. Monsieur Anselmier belongs to the French Academy of Medicine. Monsieur Anselmier has originated a new science. Monsieur Anselmier deserves the warmest thanks of hungry people, for the discovery of a method by which they may starve to death much more slowly than has heretofore been customary. AUTOPHAGY is the title of Monsieur Anselmier's science, and, as it consists in eating oneself, we suggest the addition of "Every Man His Own Breakfast," as a sub-title. In a paper which Monsieur Anselmier recently read before the august body to which he belongs, he proved "that the most economical method for this self-consumption is to keep up the ordinary processes of nutrition by slight bleeding and drinking the blood. Of two animals in a similar condition, one of which he starved, and the other fed upon its own blood alone, the latter lived several days longer than the former."

This is a very handy fact to have in the house. It would almost supply the place of cold victuals. "Economy is wealth," we understand, and the most economical way of starving to death cannot fail to enrich all who are in the habit of indulging in that mortuary exercise. Hereafter, let no grisette or ouvrier resort to the gaseous exhalations of a charcoal-furnace, to get rid of the expensive luxury of starvation, for Monsieur Anselmier has shown how it may be accomplished at a great reduction. We feel exceeding grateful to this eminently practical philosopher for his discovery, and beg to assure him that, if we ever have occasion to starve, we shall do so in accordance with the plan he recommends.

NO ONE TO BLAME.

Come ye jolly Stockholders, all over the land,
Give conscience the go-by, and tip us a stave,
In union there's power, so join hand in hand
And sing a gay requiem, over the graves
Of our victims. Ha! ha!
The funeral car
Jogs drearily on; 'tis to us all the same.
We've nothing to fear—
At least while we're here—
For the verdict, we know it, is "No one to blame."

On the broad Western rivers, our boats gaily steam,
And a race, if we win it, sends upward our stock,
So toss in the resin, till the mad fires gleam
Like the hell which gapes wide at the murderous shock
Of the boilers. Ha! ha!
The funeral car
Jogs drearily on; 'tis to us all the same.
We've nothing to fear—
At least while we're here—
For the verdict, we know it, is "No one to blame."

O'er its iron laid course speed engine and train,
With a rich human freight. Now, hurrah for a freak!
See! another one comes! Rush! crash! and the twain
Are mingled pell mell, 'mid groan, yell and shriek,
From our victims. Ha! ha!
The funeral car
Jogs drearily on: 'tis to us all the same.
We've nothing to fear—
At least while we're here—
For the verdict, we know it, is "No one to blame."

Now the best fun of all. Here's a trap that's worth while!
This rotten old Factory, founded on sand,
See the seams in the walls! no wonder you smile,
But you'll fairly guffaw at the hecatomb grand
It will soon be. Ha! Ha?
And the funeral car
Will jog briskly on; 'tis to us all the same.
We've nothing to fear—
At least while we're here—
For the verdict, we know it, is "No one to blame."

There! look! see, it totters! sinks! falls with a roar!
The beams snap like twigs, and so do the bones
Of the thousand poor devils, working floor above floor,
But the hissing-hot fire soon quiets the moans
Of our victims. Ha! ha!
The funeral car
Jogs drearily on, 'tis to us all the same.
We've nothing to fear—
At least while we're here—
For the verdict, we know it, is "No one to blame."

Then quaff down your wine, boys, be jolly and gay,
Have no thought for the morrow, nor stop once to think,
Life's only a bubble, that must soon pass away,
But there's substance, brave boys, in the gold which we chink,
Ten per cent, Boys! Ha! ha!
The funeral car
Jogs drearily on, 'tis to us all the same.
We've nothing to fear—
At least while we're here—
For the verdict, we know it, is "No one to blame."

Geometrical.

What figure is that which, if cut in two, becomes nought?
The Human Figure.

SIGN OF OPULENCE.

ERRAND-BOY.—That's a fust-rate weed you're a smokin' of, Jimmy.

SHOE-BLACK.—Well, I guess it oughter to be, if it ain't, allowin' I buys 'em by the box, an' pays fifty dollars a thousand for 'em at that.

JONATHAN ON BIDDIES.

Y Gosh! ain't I glad I daön't live in New-York!
An' 'specially 'long with my brother!
I'll be hanged ef I'd deöo it for all he is wo'th—
An' 'Zeke ain't a poor man, nuther.

went daöwn to see how the feller got on,
An' he kep' me as good as he could;
ut I like to 'a' died o' the vittles an' sech,
For I didn't git anything *good*.

The cook wuz the best 'Zeke 'd ever hed,
An' he'd changed every fortni't stiddy,—
But, Ge-mo-ny-cracky! what blaästed mean stuff
Wuz b'iled, stewed 'n' fried by that Biddy!

I shain't be as well as I wuz afore,
Ef I live twice-t as long as I ought-to:
Says I, "Brother 'Zeke, air you goin' to stan' it?"
Says he, "Brother Jon'than, I've got-to.

"It don't do no good for to cuss an' git mad;
I'm right sick o' the job, an' no wonder:
I've jawed till I'm lame, an' my wife's done the same,
An' I've got the dyspepsy like thunder."

"Some on 'em jaw at my wife, an' some cry,
An' some on 'em cus like a trooper,
An' some on 'em praise the last place where they wuz—
But the hull lot go in for to dupe her.

"There's a raöw daöwn below pooty nigh ev'ry night,
An' when they ain't jawin' they're eatin';
With a pa'ssel o' cousins they hev a nice time,
Or else they go off to their meetin'.

"Their faces are mean, they smell bad, an' loo worse,
An' they lie 'baöut the least little thing;
They bawl to each other all over the haöuse,
An' haöw they *deöo* yell w'en they sing!"

After all 't 'Zeke pays to keep clean an' look nice,
His palace is dirtier'n p'ison;
And haöw he *kin* stan' it, year in an' year out,
Is re'ly confaöunded surprisin'.

No two ways abaöut it, the cus is a slave
To this terrible Queen o' the Kitchin;
He's daöwn in the dust, with her foot on his neck,
An' it's no use-t a squirmin' an' twitchin'.

She hedn't no chance, t'other side o' the drink,
For to show her tine talent for reülin';
By jingo! when Liberty called her across,
How she quit all her meülin' an' dreöolin'!

It's a fine independence to saäss an' be mean,
But it's jest her idee o' what's proper;
She holds up her head, an' goes on, her own way,
An' the Devil himself couldn't stop her.

I'll bet you 'Zeke wishes he'd hung araöund hum,
An' helped me an' dad in the dairy:
I know what he thinks, w'en he sighs an' looks hard
At that nasty old goat in the ary:—

That he'd hev a clean hum, healthy vittles an' sleep,
And a wife that wa'n't lazy n'r giddy;
He'd take his work easy, he'd look like a man,
An' he wouldn't be slave to a Biddy.

Our Opinion.

It is about time the Clerk of the House ceased "calling the Members to order," and their constituents commenced calling them to account.

Union of Church and State.

President Buchanan has an Administration Pugh in each House.

THE CONGRESSIONAL AID SOCIETY.

We call this a valuable suggestion. It is from the Washington correspondence of the *Herald*.

"Mr. Douglas would draw to-day an audience of two thousand at a dollar a head; and if there were any authority in the federal constitution thus to tax the people for charitable purposes, it would be a good plan thus to devote a popular speaker to some benevolent object, such as a deaf and dumb asylum, or a retreat for superannuated old soldiers, or politicians, or lobby-men."

In pursuance of this plan, Mr. William Smith, Extra, might plead on behalf of a Home for Inebriates; Mr. Roger A. Pryor's melting eloquence might flow for an asylum for Abused and Improperly Protected Females; Mr. Haskin might urge the claims of a Free Hospital for Congressmen wounded in their country's service, while "the deaf and dumb asylum," mentioned by our genial scribe, could be magnificently endowed, and fully equipped with trumpets, tubes, etc., by the combined oratory of the Members at large, sustained by the voice of the whole country.

MUMMERY.

The Reverend Guinness, the gentle shepherd whose crook the lamb and sheep of The Flock now follow, in Philadelphia, will have no music but that of his own voice, and is the Grand Stop of all the organs. Had he lived when his Great Master went about doing good, and when Nature was the only sanctuary from which the heart adored, confessed, and worshipped, Mr. Guinness would probably have bidden the birds in the branches hold their gill, and commanded the brooks to cease their tuneful song. Standing in the throbbing vast of Nature, he would have requested the winds from the hollow of the Almighty's hand to stop blowing, while he piped his little tune, and would have tried to put his foot upon the soft pedal of the exuberant and resounding sea, while he let his thin "views" trickle out and run into the sands. While, however, he objects to the sound of a "glad noise unto the Lord," Mr. Guinness sees appropriate solemnity in the sale of a photograph of Mr. Guinness in the lobbies of the church.

Cock-Shooting in Virginia.

Since the abjuration by Virginia of everything suggestive of a "North," a favorite pastime among her F. F. V's. is knocking the N's off the weathercocks of her time-honored spires with their six-shooters and repeating-rifles.

In connection with the above, a Cockney "party," by whom our neighborhood is infested, suggests that "'En-shooting" would be a more correct designation for the sport in question than "cock-shooting."

A Mem. for Grant Whyte.

Though we have no positive evidence of the fact, it is almost certain that Shakspeare was a Broker, no one having furnished more Stock Quotations than he.

Literary Ma(i)ze.

The Corn-hill Magazine.

Queen of 'Arts.

Rosa Bonheur.

ADDING INSULT TO INJURY.

CENTRAL PARK SKATER (*who in executing a spread eagle, backwards, has run over Old Gent and cut his finger off*).—Excuse me, sir, but I think you must have dropped this.

NEW GUIDE TO THE CENTRAL PARK.

If you will take the trouble to visit foreign parts—but don't do it on our account—you will now and then come to a Park. That you may know it when you see it, we will remark that a Park is a clean place, all fenced in, where they keep deer, trees, fountains, ruins, etc., to look at. Some of the Parks are neat little boxes of two or three thousand acres, or the like. Parks are useful. There is a Park in London, mostly under water, in which—we have it on good authority—"12,000 persons sometimes bathe on Sunday mornings." Now, this wash-tub is a great convenience. Perhaps it is all that keeps these 12,000 individuals from getting too dirty to be recognized by their friends. From the language quoted, it would seem that, as it is, they only go when they begin to fear for their own identity. Then, too, it's a fine place for artists to study the nude figure.

New-York was fast forgetting all this—if it ever knew it—when Geo. Downing, Esq., the accomplished oysterman, spoke to the Mayor, and had one made directly.* This Park is certainly somewhere on the island, for we've seen it. It is called "Central," in consequence of its being way up town. It contains no "deer, trees, fountains, ruins, etc.," but a man is making 'em, as fast as he can, down in Centre-street.

It is rather a tough job to go over the Central Park, just now, considering the season, and a little risky on account of what is described to be "an extensive cannonading, in which about forty kegs of powder are used every day,"—in fact, we'd rather go over the Central Railroad; but the place is a real curiosity for what it *will* be, in a few hundred years, or possibly by the time your children are old enough to appreciate it: and that isn't saying they will, or that you'll ever have any. But you should see it once, by all means—or, at least, by the means we shall now take the pains to mention.

Take a cheap hack—if you can find one (and there, perhaps, is the rub)—and after mildly but firmly insisting on the Milesian Jehu's keeping on driving, with his eye fixed on the North Star, relapse into your cushioned seat and fall asleep, if you feel the least inclination. Be sure to start while it is raining; for it *must* clear before you get to the Park. By the time your patience is all gone, and its place is filled by a fierce, gnawing hunger, you will come to it. The Greek won't know it when he sees it; but *you* will need no other token than his horses falling over the wall.

If you are short of money—and it is a kindness in us to speak to a poor man—we will now make known to you, on competent authority, that "the Park may be reached by the Third, Sixth, and Eighth Avenue railroads." That is, supposing you don't live in Harlem or Tillytudlem, but are merely a curiosity in the Museum—which we should think likely, if you've never been to the Park. It will cheer you to be assured that, contrary to the impression gathered from our last quotation, it is only *one* of the three railroads you need take—so there is ten cents for spending-money. The Third takes you by it, and the Eighth to within a mile or so of it. If you go by the Eighth, you may foot it up from the terminus, if you choose and your rubbers do not leak, or you may walk "until you *meet* which you may or may not," (says our authority) a small car. What the meeting a small car has to do with getting to the Central Park, or how it affects one's feelings, we don't know; but on reflection we advise you to peg it along—stopping, if you choose, to admire (and patronize) the elegant Hotel de Finigan—and then resolutely and fearlessly pursuing your humble way. On further reflection, take the Sixth Avenue cars. After leaving 'em—supposing you still not too old to walk—"turn to the left, and enter at the first or second stile," or in any style you choose. You'll find yourself in for it at once.

To an imaginative and credulous person it's all worth seeing. In fact, pursuing our authority, on account of the changes the Park undergoes from week to week, no directions as to routes can be given; but you can manage to get along *without much danger* by asking your way of everybody you meet. It'll pay you to be short, as it's a fine to talk to anybody.

CAUTION.

Mind your eyes, if you want to "pick any fruit, flowers, leaves, nuts, or berries," or to touch any "sticks, roots, stones, stakes, or broken stakes or boards, shavings," or in fact "*any* rubbish or *supposed trifles* of any kind whatever." And look out how you throw any stones. Perhaps you wouldn't believe it, but "many persons have been heavily fined and imprisoned" for meddling with these supposed trifles. So, if you happen to see any of the above-mentioned toothsome luxuries—and we don't see why you shouldn't, if they're there—master yourself and shut your eyes immediately, if you can't, go home. The best way is to keep your hands in your pockets, and your tongue busy repeating the familiar maxim, "Touch not, taste not, handle not."

If you hear the Foreman—whoever he is—yell, "*All clear!*" you'd better clear, if you don't want a ton of gneiss whacking you on the head. The Commissioners give notice that whatever happens, they won't come down with the rocks. Probably because they won't go up with 'em.

You are requested to write to the Office, if you catch a man blowing himself up by a blast.

When you're so tired you can't stand, and so hungry you wonder how you do, leave; and don't blame us, if you are not satisfied.

We shall give a description of this fine Park in some future number.

* We suggest that unless our citizens are content with the old charge that "republics are ungrateful," it would be doing the handsome thing to allow Mr. D. to have a branch in the Park

The Tad-Polar Regions of the North.

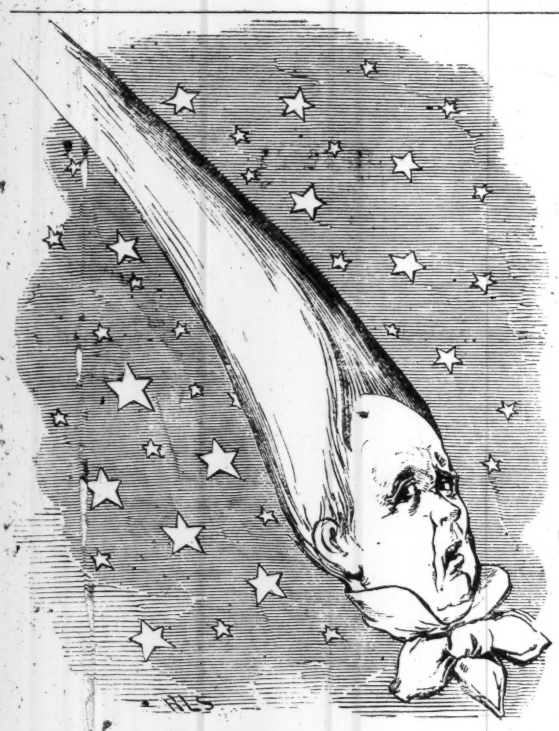
The New-Orleans *Crescent* designating the Black Republican party as the Tadpole party, says that there is little difference between the ultra Abolitionists and the so-called conservative Republicans, and adds: "The End of both classes of these men is the same." If the first part of the *Crescent's* statement be true, we see no reason to doubt the latter.

Rows without Thorns.

Rowing is recommended by the Philadelphia *Evening Bulletin* as a good exercise for ladies who wish to develop the bust. Why not have called it a Robust exercise, at once?

Zoological.

We hear a great deal about the white porpoise on exhibition at the Palace Garden. A white porpoise may be very well in its way, but we prefer Myer's Green Seal.



THE COMET OF 1860.

"It seemed to take a Southerly direction, and appeared to be rapidly approaching Charleston,"

DISORGANIZATION VERSUS HONOR.

A CONGRESSIONAL COMEDY.

(Scene.—In front of Willard's.)

SMITH (*Republican* from Anywhere.)
BROWN (*Democrat* from Somewhere.)

SMITH, *(angrily)* to BROWN.

Well, sir, you called me, last night, in the House,
A coward and a thief: did you intend
That I should take those terms as personal,
Or but political?

BROWN, *(defiantly.)*

Why, personal,
Of course, sir; and I now beg leave to add,
That I likewise consider you a fool,
A liar, and a great big no such thing.

SMITH, *(quickly.)*

Ha! you're another!

BROWN, *(slapping* SMITH'S *face.)*

Very good—take that!

SMITH.

Villain! Wilt fight?

BROWN,

Yes!

SMITH.

Where?

BROWN.

O, anywhere.

SMITH.

Come on!

BROWN, *(hesitating.)*

But I'm afraid—

SMITH, *(scornfully.)*

O, ho! Afraid?

BROWN.

No, not afraid of you! I meant to say,
That I had fears I could not fight as yet—
In fact, not till the clouds that lower about our House
Are all dispersed, and it is organized.

SMITH.

What's this? Not fight till we are organized?
Why, man, we shall not fight till Judgment Day!

BROWN.

But I no pistol-balls nor powder have—
And ammunition is not sold on tick:
Until we organize, and get our pay,
I cannot vindicate my name and fame!
Behold my reason.

SMITH.

And behold a peace,
For if we wait till ballotings succeed,
There's little fear that either one will bleed!

(EXEUNT, *arm-in-arm.*)

THEATRICAL RUMOR.—It is reported that Mr. Lester Wallack, of Wallack's Theatre, and Mr. Thomas Hanlon, of the Circus, at Niblo's are to exchange places for a few nights. New and surprising feats of agility are expected from both gentlemen.

New Magnifier Invented in Philadelphia.

The "Continental" Hotel-escope.

Our Way Out of a Disputed Territory.

An(n)exit.

The "Commonwealth of Virginia."

Chiefly in Bonds.

OVERPOWERED BY HIS MEMORIES.

"Cover up her face—mine eyes dazzle. She died young!"

MR. S-W-D.—Look here, Miss Sherman, you've rather too much crinoline.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRTLESS.

WITH garments scanty and torn,
And eye discolored with blood,
A Sweeper stood at the gutter's brink,
And wielded his broom in the mud.
Mud, mud, mud,
In the walks and the roads knee-deep,
And still with a sigh for each passer-by,
He sings this "Song of the Sweep."

Filth, filth, filth!
While Councilmen pull at the purse,
And filth, filth, filth,
Till they squander the bright yellow curse.
The people, tho' taxed, are petitioners,
For release from this gathering slime,
But contractors alike, and commissioners,
At present can't really find time.

Wait, wait, wait!
Till the gutters run over the brim,
Wait, wait, wait!
Till Teddy has served his friend Tim.
When the jobbing for contracts has ceased,
No filth in the streets shall remain;
But they'll heap it in rows by your doors,
For March winds to scatter again.

Oh! men with daughters and wives,
Let us draw a healthy breath;
'Tis not the filth you're sowing,
But a harvest-field for death.
Mud, mud, mud!
A field for the pauper to reap,
In his hovel of woe, where the putrid streams flow,
To poison his lungs in his sleep.

Mud, mud, mud!
To teem in each crowded lane,
From morning sun, till day is done—
Then vapors to breathe in again.
But these paupers can bear it, you know,
They've no heart, no affection to chill;
Death tenderly strikes *them* a blow,
And—there are five feet of earth more to fill.

With garments scanty and torn,
And eye discolored with blood,
A Sweeper stood at the gutter's brink,
And wielded his broom in the mud.
Mud, mud, mud!
In the walks and roads knee-deep,
And still with a sigh for each passer-by,
He sang this "Song of the Sweep."

A Pryory Write.

The treatment of the Essence of Young Virginny, Mr. Roger A. Pryor, by the journal whose Editor's wife he saw chivalric and gallant to blackguard from the floor of the House, is generally admitted to out-*Herald Herald*, and it may be doubted whether the young gentleman sleeps comfortably under such daily Bennettdictions.

Land of Song.

County of Coos.
(Suggested by the leading article in the February *Harper.*)

Jewelry for the Jew.

Mosaics.

THE PEACE CONGRESS CONDUCTED ON AMERICAN PRINCIPLES.

By despatches received at our office, a little in advance of the event itself, we are enabled at very little expense to lay before our readers a report of the first day's proceedings of the Peace Congress at Vienna.

The proceedings were opened by Count de Morny with prayer, after which Lord Palmerston rose and said—

That he had an important preliminary resolution to propose, and begged the attention of his august audience. He had lately been enlightened by a perusal of the proceedings of the American House of Representatives, which account he gleaned from the columns of the New-York *Herald*, and so charmed was he with the delightful freedom of discussion which characterized those debates, that he begged to offer a resolution to the effect that a similar graceful license of speech should be permitted during the present deliberations.

The proposition of the noble lord was warmly seconded by the Emperor of Austria, and passed unanimously.

Count de Morny then rose and demanded to be informed what they were assembled for. The only Peace he believed in, was pea-soup. There was but one France, and Napoleon was its prophet. He had no hesitation in stating that the noble delegate from perfidious Albion was a cowardly bully and a trickster. In fact, he might say that he was, in the most offensive sense of the phrase, a John bully. He hoped shortly to have the opportunity, on the white cliffs of Dover, of physically proving to the noble lord the contemptible physical inferiority of the Saxon to the Gaul, by putting both his ministerial eyes in mourning. As far as Italy was concerned, he trampled upon it, and upon the drivelling idiot who filled the papal chair. He, the Pontiff, was characterized by the mischievousness of the ape without his agility, and the rapacity of the vulture without his courage.

Lord Palmerston rose to reply. He was ready at all times to meet his distinguished antagonist. An Englishman was always able to lick three Frenchmen. They were a filthy, frog-eating race, wore wooden shoes, and coined brass money. He would beg to say, in three words, Agincourt, St. Helena, Waterloo.

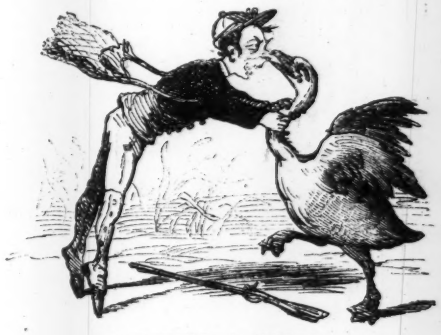
His Holiness, the Pope, here arose, in a most agitated manner, and said that in the few remarks he was about to make, in reply to the brutal and loathsome attack of the Count de Morny, he should endeavor to preserve that Christian forbearance which was the characteristic of his holy religion. The French Emperor was a dissolute and loathsome plebeian, who kept an army of occupation in his beloved Italy, and fulminated, through the miscreant pen of Guerronnière, slavering slanders against himself. As for the Count de Morny, he had no words to express his loathing for that unclean villain. He wished he had him in the Inquisition, and then he'd let him know.

At this stage of the proceedings, to the great consternation of the assembly, a double-barrelled gun, loaded to the muzzle, dropped from His Holiness's pocket.

Francis Joseph instantly drew a pen-knife, and placed himself in an attitude of defence. The utmost confusion prevailed. Count de Morny produced a Derringer, and retreated to a corner. Lord Palmerston took off his coat, and squared at everybody.

The Pope, while apologising for the premature display of his weapon, begged to state that he held himself personally responsible for everything and anything. He ended by throwing his mitre into the ring and challenged anybody to come on.

A scene of the most terrible disorder prevailed for at least fifteen minutes, and the Congress separated in confusion.



CATCHING A GOOSE.

INTEWESTING—VEWY.

GORGEOUS SWELL.—Ma deah fellah, what an exquisite pair of twousahs! 'Pon honah, the effect is quite stwiking.

MORE GORGEOUS SWELL.—Why, ya-as, I fancy they're rather a neat thing; but then they're so hawid old. You'd hardly believe it, but it's the third time I've worn them.

GORGEOUS SWELL.—Weally!!!

THE NEW COMEDY AT THE CITY HALL.

The novel and interesting performance of Mr. James Gordon Bennett, which had been expected to take place one afternoon last week at the City Hall, was postponed, in consequence of that gentleman's indisposition to appear. A vast crowd, consisting of nine reporters, the Common Council and the populace at large, suffered all the agonies of hope deferred. Public expectation had been greatly excited, owing to the announcement that on this occasion Mr. Bennett would be called upon to tell the truth, a line in which he has not of late been accustomed to claim distinction. It is supposed that a praiseworthy diffidence restrained him from venturing too abruptly to assume a rôle so foreign to his inclinations. Although the interest was centred mainly in Mr. Bennett, yet some entertainment was anticipated from the minor actors in the comedy, the Councilmen, who, it was supposed, would manifest discontent in case the principal performer should chance to achieve a success. The grief of the sacred Nine and the populace at large was only assuaged by the assurance that in the course of a few days, affairs would be so arranged that Mr. Bennett should unfailingly appear; and that any further indisposition on his part, would be treated by the Eldridge-street practitioners in such a manner as to leave no doubt of his prompt restoration

LOCK IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.—Locke on the Understanding.

WHY THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES SITS EVERY DAY.—Because a House divided against itself cannot Stand.

DISSOLVING VIEWS.—Southern opinions just now.

AN EVANGELICAL SHARP-SHOOTER.

THE Rev. Henry Ward Beecher delivered a lecture, not long since, on "Politics and Religion," and the *Tribune* gave a report of it. Mr. Beecher is an Anomaly. An Anomaly cannot lead an altogether comfortable life. It must be harder, in general, to be an Anomaly than to be a Phenomenon. Mr. Beecher is a Phenomenon. To be both an Anomaly and a Phenomenon must be very hard. The Professional Punster, great type of human humiliation, cannot suffer more acutely than the man who is confidently looked to at all times to reverse the order of nature. As one throws a crumb of comfort to the poor Punster, gasping at existence between his own good things, and as the Classic Clown at the Circus is not wholly denied our consideration and sympathy, so it is impossible, in perusing the report of Mr. Beecher's remarks, to withhold commiseration from the man, and equally impossible to deny one's self the infinite heart's delight of the matter.

We will dwell only upon one point. "He told a story of his father shooting at one snipe and killing ten. And he said that whenever a preacher took aim at one man, he might be sure that he would hit twenty." Oh! Mr. Beecher shot snipe. Young Mr. Beecher pops away at souls. He never brings down less than twenty! What a cheerful view of the clerical calling is here presented? There is divine precedent for fishers of men, but Mr. Beecher knows a trick worth two of that. He wanders through his well-stocked preserves, with his finger on the trigger of grace. All are fair game. No sign forbids trespassing on the premises. His eye is quick. It sees four and twenty plump spirits sitting in a row. Pop! Twenty of them roll over, their feathers fallen and their breath clean gone! A fine young soul starts up. It goes singing into the infinite Heaven of hope. Bang! He shoots it as it flies, and down it comes, poor broken thing! fluttering vainly, to his feet, and he bags it, and loads up, as the smoke clears, while a shower of unexpected destinies, at which he never aimed, descend upon the pulpit.

We may imagine Mr. Beecher summing up the results of a day's sport in something like the following condensed form. The day, of course, should be a dry, mild one, for on such alone do these juicy birds of paradise, the Fair Weather Christians, fly:

Whole Number of Immortal Souls Bagged	1,859
Wings of Faith Clipped	2,859
Souls Brought Down, but lost in the high grass of the aisles	9,900
Souls Blown to Small Bits	——!

Classic Query.

May not the Feminine Spiritualists be appropriately termed modern Lassie-demoniani?

Grade of Congressional Ability.

Retrograde.

The Most Melancholy Portion of Domestic Furniture.

Sad Irons.

LORD LOVE YE ALL.

A SONG FOR THE PEOPLE.

AIR: *Lord Lovel.*

S. A. Douglas is a very great man,
And a very great man is he,
But it's not in his natur for to be much greater,
In spite of his Democracy, cy, cy,
In spite of his Democracy.

Oh! when the great Douglas became a repealer
Of the law of Eighteen twen-ty,
It wasn't thrown out in course as a feeler
All for the Presidency, cy, cy,
Oh! all for the Presidency.

And now the great man, he will if he can,
Leastwise it is his intention,
To pass a new law, as a bait for the maw,
Of the Charleston Convention, ention, ention,
Oh yes, of the Charleston Convention.

But oh! Mr. Douglas, you can't honeyfugle us,
Although you're a very good talker;
It's our modest impression, that you're a real Hessian,
Or a sort of political Walker, alker, alker,
Or a sort of political Walker.

We've tried Mr. B., and we really can't see
That D.'s any better at all,
So we cannot do more, than our best to restore
The Douglas at once to his hall, hall, hall,
The Douglas at once to his hall.

YOUR AUNT OR YOUR UNCLE.

The *Tribune*, after a rigid investigation, professes to have discovered that the Zoyara of the circus, at Niblo's, is not a Mademoiselle, as the play-bills declare her to be, but something else. Precisely what else, we are unable to discover, the *Tribune's* exposition leaving the matter in rather deeper obscurity than it originally was. Listen to the *Tribune:*

"The *fact* in relation to this remarkable creature *were* simply these: Some years ago, a circus proprietor in England, an American by birth, named Stokes, picked up a fair-looking young German boy of five or six years of age, and taught *him* the art of circus-riding. To enhance the child's attractions, he dressed *him* as a girl, called *him* Ella, and brought him out as an infant phenomenon. Little Ella grew up in womanly graces, was constantly dressed as a girl, taught as a girl, made a sensation in the ring, was greatly admired for *her* beauty and grace, and became the recipient of a good many valuable presents in the shape of jewelry from *her* admirers. By the time *she* reached *her* sixteenth year, etc., etc."

If there be anything in literature more distracting than this, we do not know where to look for it, except, perhaps, in the files of the *Tribune*. What the Zoyara's sex may be, or whether the Zoyara have any sex at all, it is difficult now to understand, however simple it may have been before. If the Zoyara should be directly applied to, as to the possession of particular distinction as to sex, the answer would probably be—"None to speak of,"—which would be satisfactory, so far as it goes. The fault of the *Tribune* is that it goes a great way, and is not satisfactory at all. For all the information it imparts, it might as well have spoken thus:—

"The truths concerning this remarkable creature was simply those: Some years ago, a circus proprietor picked up a young German boy, and taught them the art of circus-riding. To enhance her attractions he called it Ella, and brought them out as an infant phenomenon. Little Ella was greatly admired for his beauty and grace, and received many presents from its admirers. By the time she reached his sixteenth year, they determined, etc., etc."

So the question whether the Zoyara is playing Achilles, or is an injured female, still remains unsettled; and as it is one in which the community is profoundly, not to say painfully, interested, we must beg the *Tribune* to try once more, and, if possible, to shoot its rifle a little clearer.

HAZLITT IN THE DESCENDANT.

That oracle of the tea-table, and companion of every intelligent Bostonian's buttered toast, the *Evening Transcript*, is surpassing rapidly all its cotemporaries of Athens in the important point of dramatic criticism. Wherever else is displayed pedantic affectation, stubborn dogmatism, dreary ignorance, or a fulsome spirit revelling in superlative adjectives, in these cool and easy columns we are always sure to find that nice discrimination and genial regard which most surely correct abuses, and, in spite of Mr. D. Bourcicault's favorite theory, render the Press the true (left) handmaiden of the Stage. Thus, in speaking of that very gentleman's last quilt, "The Octoroon," the gentleman who does the theatres for the *Transcript* observes:

"There are some painful scenes in the piece, which naturally very much enlist the feelings of the house, but they are not over long, and the play is put upon the stage in such a manner,—both in scenery and acting,—as to elicit general commendation."

What a different tone our criticism would have if this style were generally adopted! In regard to "Lesbia," for instance, we should learn that "there is a great deal of that excitement in it which plot and passion naturally create, especially when they have play in a picturesque age and romantic climate, but the audience is entirely relieved of all such emotion by the music, which is very badly played by the orchestra." So, of the next new comedy, the next-morning verdict would be, "there is not wanting in the piece a great deal of humorous material, but the superb dresses of the characters give the mind active employment, and enable the spectator successfully to resist all temptations to mirth."

An Abandoned Creature.

John Sherman.

THE ORIGINAL SQUATTER SOVEREIGN.

Boy.—Blag ye boots, Sir?

Rank Abolitionist.—No; can't patronize you. You signed the call to the late Union Meeting.

ANTI-POLICE-POLITENESS PLEDGE.

We have it! We know all about it! The Commissioner isn't to blame. The Mayor isn't to blame. The Croton Board, nor the Custom-House folks, nor the Tammany Committee, are not to blame. No, the state of the streets cannot be laid at any of those doors. The horrid cause lies deeper. Don't you see; it is the Police! Yes; ever since it became fashionable for pretty women to nestle against blue coats with metropolitan buttons, to be escorted across Broadway, in bad weather, the pavements have been terrible. We have often envied those minions of the law. They have to carry the prettiest girls across, we notice, in their arms. How can we expect them to permit Broadway to be made passable? No. They have bribed everybody not to do it. But it all rests with the other sex. If they will cut out this pledge, and circulate it for signatures, we will guarantee a speedy abatement of the nuisance:

PLEDGE.

I do hereby solemnly vow, swear (civilly) and promise, that I will not permit any policeman or policemen, patrol or detective, day or night service, to carry me, support me, steady me, guide me, or in any way touch me, or come within twelve feet of me, before, during, or after my crossing of any street or streets in the city, until such time as said streets are made thoroughly clean, and assurances given that they will be kept cleanly thereafter. (Signed.)

———o———

Highways of Travel

Balloons.

———o———

The Worst State in the Union.

State of the Streets.

THE COUNCILMAN OF MANHATTAN.

NCE in Manhattan dwelt a wight,
In Crayon's history known,
Who did not dream he had the right
The public cash to bone.
Ten breeches dignified he wore,
While from his mouth the smoke would pour
Instead of words. O dear!
Oh! what a Councilman was here.

His schnapps at home—a sober glass—
He quaffed with his good frau;
He did not think the power to pass,
Meant right to break the law;
And so it never chanced to him
To lay in station houses grim
His broken head. O dear!
Oh! what a Councilman was here.

He did his duty by the town,
In silent, solemn wise;
He weighed too much, when fairly down,
For trifling talk to rise;
He pondered honestly, and gave,
His mind made up, a single grave
Decisive grunt. O dear!
Oh! what a Councilman was here.

And so, without a grain of guile,
Too simple to be sly,
He did not deem it worth his while
One doubtful vote to buy.
He took his place, if called to take,
And if he lost it, did not make
A mighty muss. O dear!
Oh! what a Councilman was here.

No bruiser-band in pay kept he,
To bully and to box;
For such, he had the gallows-tree,
The whipping-post and stocks.
For in those patriarchal times
The thieves were thieves, and crimes were crimes.
And so said he. O dear!
Oh! what a Councilman was here.

And when at last his toils were o'er—
No scrimmage docked his days—
The mourners, as his dust they bore,
In silence smoked his praise:
And thought no Dutchman left could be
More doughty or more dumb than he—
This burgher bold! O dear!
Oh! what a Councilman was here.

The Sergeant-at-Alms.

The disorganic and exasperating gentlemen who are amusing themselves at the expense of the public in the House of Representatives, will certainly reëlect Mr. Glossbrenner. There are various reasons for this course whispered about, but we believe that it is entirely owing to their good-nature. They cannot refuse to reëlect a gentleman who has Made Advances to them.

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OR
THE LADIES' JEWEL.

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NEW
A Toilet
NEW Discov-
THING ery; Soft
FRENCH TALLOW
FRENCH TALLOW, for
Beautifying the hair, hair.
For beautifying OH! Try it!
Yes, for beautify-
ing, Curling, Dressing, Softening,
Smoothing, Glossing, Laying and Set
ting the Hair. MRS. SCIPLE'S SOFT
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also at the same time a Stiffness. As you
dress the Hair, so it remains. Try it! try it.
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TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT! TRY IT!
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Fashion and Respectability. The Ne Plus Ultra of
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DISCO For the Hair. For the Hair.
VER For the Hair. For the Hair.
Y! SOFT FRENCH TALLOW.
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